

IN PRAISE of  
RETIREMENT.

**In PRAISE of**

# RETIREMENT.

## Spoke to the

Late King James,

## At His Arrival at St. Germain's,

## In the Year 1688.

# By Father L.

-----Solatia luctus  
Exigua ingentis-----

*Exigua ingentis*

Virg.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in  
*Warwick-Lane.* M D C C I.

15477.171\*

Harvard College Library  
Sept. 30, 1911.  
Gift of  
Lucius Wilmerding  
of New York

# RETIREMENT

Spoke to the

late King James

At His Arrival at St. Germain

In the Year 1688.

By Father A

Exigens ingenuitatis

L O N D O N

Printed for A. Baldwin near the Oxford Arms in  
Warwick Lane M D C C L



## ECCLESIASTES I. 2.

*Vanity of Vanities, says the Preacher. All is Vanity.*

**H**O W easy 'tis to prove that all is Vanity!  
 How hard to quit the Thing we own is vain!  
 How fond we are of what destroys our Peace!  
 How cool to what we know would give us Rest!

Look down, Almighty Wisdom, and instruct us,  
 Whence comes this secret Bias in our Souls,  
 So fatal, so destructive to our Bliss?  
 My Pray'r is heard. Heav'n answers, ----- 'Tis from Pride.

If 'tis from Pride our wretched Moments flow,  
 How despicable is the Man that's proud!  
 Folly's the Loadstone that attracts Contempt,  
 And Folly rides triumphant sure in him,  
 Whose Peace is not the end of all his Actions.  
 Thus Pride it self destroys the very End  
 For which we cherish it; brings Contempt upon us,  
 When at the World's Esteem we singly aim  
 In that perplexing, restless Course of Life,  
 Which that ill-natur'd Passion leads us to.  
 But let me not be here misunderstood;  
 'Tis not that weak, that poor, that wretched Pride,  
 Which shews it self in a vain lofty Carriage,  
 Whose Folly to Mankind has long been known,  
 And punish'd by a just and general Scorn,  
 I now arraign: The Pride I would expose,  
 Is much more secret, and more dangerous:  
 Reigns uncontroul'd almost in every Breast,  
 And where it Reigns, makes all it governs wretched:  
 This Tyrant of our Peace is call'd *Ambition*.  
 Wou'd those whose Pleasures in Dethroning Kings,  
 Enquire with me into the Reign of this,  
 They'd find a fair Occasion to Rebel.

They

They here with Innocence might take up Arms,  
And chase their too too *Arbitrary Lord*:

They might with Justice charge his Government  
With all the Ills they suffer'd in his Reign;  
Force him to Abdicate, without a Crime,  
Then place another on his Vacant Throne,  
And God himself the Noble Deed approve.

But since Heav'n's Approbation's grown of late,  
Of wondrous little Moment here below,  
I'll lay all Arguments Divine aside,  
And try if those of Carnal Weight will move you.

The Pulpits common Business is indeed

To guide you only to a future Bliss:

And as for your Misfortunes here below,

We seldom bring you any other Help,

Than a good Christian Exhortation,

To bear 'em with what Patience you can find,

In hopes another World will use you better.

But I'm afraid we're too severe Physicians;

A little Temper of Philosophy

Wou'd make the Sacred Pill go kindlier down,

And purge with ease the ill Humours from our Souls,

Which hinder our digesting Heavenly Food.

I own that some Afflictions in this Life

May be of mighty use in that to come;

But those are only such as Vice entrains:

For Millions of Misfortunes which proceed

From other Fountains than the Source of Sin,

Will scarce contribute to reform our Lives:

They may indeed reform us in one kind,

Reduce us to an Imporency of Sinning;

But that's a Reformation God must laugh at.

A Man, who reeling home from a Debauch,

Blunders into a fatal needless Quarrel,

Which costs him both his Money and his Blood,

And brings a Train of Mischiefs on his Head,

Will probably bestow some serious Thoughts

Upon the trivial Cause of his Disaster,

And be convinc'd the Sports not worth the Cost.

But he who many Years hath pour'd down Drink,

And all his Life been a successful Beast;

Tho' he by some unhappy Accident,

Remote,



Remote, and wholly foreign to his Vice,  
 Were forc'd to quit his Favourite Delight;  
 We should his Sober, Reform'd Body find  
 Possess'd, as usual, with a Drunken Soul:  
 He would not quarrel with his much lov'd Mistress,  
 Because he was withheld from her Embraces.

A Son of *Venus*, who at dead of Night,  
 Stealing along to some Forbidden Bed,  
 Falls in a Snare that Jealousy has laid,  
 From whence with store of Wounds, and Dregs of Life,  
 He narrowly escapes,  
 Will, in that Ebb of Blood, perhaps, enquire  
 Into th' Intrinsick Worth of his Amour;  
 And if he does, will find 'twas rated high;  
 But tho' an Accident of twice the Weight,  
 Shou'd fall upon him from some distant Cause,  
 You'd hardly find 'twou'd have the Power to quench  
 The smallest Sparkle of his Lustful Fire.

'Tis a false Notion, an Erroneous Thought,  
 That Grief and Misery improve Devotion;  
 That Men grow good, because they are unhappy;  
 I know 'tis positively preach'd by us,  
 And 'tis as readily believ'd by you.

But with Respect to those whose Wisdom soars  
 To Regions far above the Reach of mine,  
 I must for once run counter to 'em all,  
 And say, ---- 'Tis Happiness that makes us Virtuous.  
 Methinks I see you all amaz'd to hear  
 A Maxim started of a Form so new:  
 Already you conclude your Teacher wrong,  
 Impatiently you wish his Sermon done;  
 That he descended from that awful place,  
 Where Errors may be utter'd uncontroul'd,  
 You may surround the obstinate Old Man,  
 And puzzle him with Questions such as these.

Will worldly Blessings, Father, make us good?  
 We wish you right, but much we fear you're wrong;  
 Is not the World, alas! too largely stor'd  
 With Instances to shew its Smiles are fatal?  
 Is't not when we're in Power we wrong the Weak?  
 Is't not from Honour we contemn the Lowly?  
 When Rich, does not our Luxury abound?

And when we've got what God himself can give us;  
Forget we not that God that gave us All:

Yes, Christians, This, all this I own is true;  
Yet still 'tis being Happy, makes us Good:

Then let us see in what this Happiness  
Consists; for there all our Debate will end.

That's our Enquiry, that's what we must search:

'Tis here that Men run headlong into Error,

And in the Night of their lost wandering Thoughts,

Mistake the fickle Vapour for a steady Light;

Pursue it eagerly through Thorns and Briers,

Plunge into Rivers, and with Pain escape;

Juggle with Trees that stubbornly oppose;

Stumble on Rocks, that spread the Rugged Way;

Till with a wondrous deal of Pain and Toyl,

They follow the vain Phantom to the Edge

Of some dread Precipice; then giddy grown,

Pitch headlong down, and dash themselves to pieces.

A Fate like this, Ambition leads us to,

And things like these, we encounter in the way.

How rugged is the Road that leads to Power?

What Shocks must be sustain'd in the Pursuit?

What little Prospect we shou'd ere attain

The Mid-way of the Course we strive to run?

What Certainty of losing all our Pains,

Though Fortune shou'd conduct us to the End?

For he that hopes by soaring high, to raise

His Will above the flight of Opposition,

Will find himself a poor mistaken Wretch.

The Dreadful Monarch who on Gallia's Throne,

With Heav'nly Wisdom, and with Godlike Force,

Has brought this mighty People to obey,

And fix'd his Word, the Rule of all their Actions:

This Prince, to whom Heav'n has such Favours shown,

In Foreign Wars, and in Domestick Fends,

On whom God seems to have entail'd Success:

This Prince, who with such Victory still is Crown'd,

As though in Sacred Council were Decreed

To have but One Vicegerent here on Earth:

This Favourite of Heav'n, in spite of all

That God and Man have done to make him Great,

Yet finds a Stubborn Mordecai without,

And

Too



Too Stiff to Bend, too Haughty to Comply;  
 Who with Successful Arts, and Endless Toils,  
 Stops his Career, torments his Tawring Soul,  
 And makes his Crown sit heavy on his Brow.

The lowly Peasant in his humble Sphere,  
 Looks on Obedience as his best of Friends;  
 Is ravish'd with delight when e're his Lord  
 Will but vouchsafe to lay Commands upon him;  
 He knows not what it is to be controul'd,  
 So much he is accusom'd to obey.  
 But mighty Kings, encompass'd round with Slaves,  
 Whose constant Study is their Sacred Will,  
 For the least Trifles that oppose their Wishes,  
 Boil up to Rage, and kindle into Flames,  
 In which their Joys consume, and Peace expires.

Were't possible for Mortals to arrive  
 To a Divine Extent and Pitch of Power;  
 Cou'd Man but be like God himself obey'd,  
 Then Man, like God himself, no doubt were blest:  
 But since there's nothing Absolute but Heaven;  
 Since *Cæsars* meet with *Brutus's* on Earth;  
 Since ev'n the Beasts contest the Will of Man,  
 And crawling Insects dare the Beast offend;  
 Since Fishes prey on Fishes, Birds on Birds;  
 Since Elements with Elements contend;  
 Since Times and Seasons are in endless Strife,  
 And all the World is bent to Opposition;  
 Since through the whole Creation, every thing  
 That God has made, has somewhat pointed out,  
 Which 'tis its constant Business to torment;  
 As though this Gewgaw Globe we so admire,  
 Were Hell, belonging to some other World;  
 And we the restless Spirits of the Damn'd:  
 Since this, I say, is Man's unhappy State;  
 (As none, I fear, who hear me preach this day,  
 Are fortunate enough to disallow)  
 No doubt remains, but he who hopes to pass  
 This Life with any mixture of Delight,  
 Must bend his Study to repress his Will;  
 And in that Study, if He'll have Success,  
 He must retire, and spend his Days in secret.

For though the Publick Theatre of Life  
 Have not substantial Blessings to dispense,  
 Yet there's such ~~Wretchedness~~ <sup>Wretchedness</sup> ~~in it~~ <sup>in it</sup> gawdy Shew,  
 That Mortals cannot gaze, and not admire.  
 That Admiration leads us to desire,  
 And that Desire leads on to Enterprize;  
 On whose uncertain Bottom once embarked,  
 We launch into an endless Sea of Suffering,  
 Where buffeted by Winds, and coild by Waves,  
 Tir'd out with Tempests, and worn down with Toil,  
 At length we sigh, and with relenting Eyes  
 Look backward on the ~~firm~~ <sup>firm</sup> forsaken Shore,  
 Wou'd fain return, but Fate steps in between,  
 And shews our Wayward Glass of Life run down.

The secret Joys that dwell in soft Retreat,  
 Likethose of Heav'n, are hidden from our Eyes;  
 Nor will expose themselves to publick View;  
 They know their mighty Worth, and will be bought.  
 But those who seek, are ever sure to find  
 While Noisy Pleasures, which the World engage,  
 Conscious of their deceitful false Allay,  
 Sound the loud Trumpet whensoever they move;  
 Dress out themselves in costly Rich Attire,  
 Glare in the Face of the admiring Crowd,  
 Dazle their Eyes that lead 'em into Error,  
 In which they wander all their wretched Days,  
 Seeking around for Rest, and finding none,  
 Pursuing Joys, where Peace was never found.

The less we struggle with this wretched World,  
 The less we shall be wretched while we're in it;  
 Possess but little, if you'd much enjoy;  
 Our Bliss is wholly ~~staid~~ <sup>staid</sup> in our Minds;  
 Our Peace and Happiness ~~do not~~ <sup>do not</sup> depend  
 On what we have; they dwell in what we taste;  
 And sure there needs no Sophistry to prove,  
 That he who suffers by perpetual Pains,  
 Can relish nothing whilst his Anguish lasts;  
 Yet thus it is with all Ambitious Men,  
 With all who reach at Honour, grasp at Power,  
 Labour for Wealth, or jagdath for the ~~Rain~~ <sup>Rain</sup>;  
 Successive Difficulties ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> their Brains,  
 Perpetual Disappointments pierce their Hearts;

For

Sights



Slights from Superiors make 'em boil with Rage  
 Want of Revenge, consumes their Souls with Grief:  
 Tortures and Racks in due Succession reign;  
 The Throne of Misery is still supply'd  
 With some tormenting Lord to make him wretched;  
 While those who in a blest Retirement dwell,  
 Where no deluding Rays of Splendor shine  
 Where in the Shade of a compos'd Retreat,  
 The Sight is clear to judge of Good and Evil;  
 While those, I say, who in this Happy State,  
 By some Indulgent Providence are plac'd,  
 Enjoy such Peace of Mind, and Health of Soul,  
 That howsoever homely may appear,  
 The honest plain Delights on which they feed,  
 They with perpetual Appetite are blest,  
 Such kind Digestion on each Morsel waits,  
 The Craving Stomach still cries out for more,  
 But never points a Thought to Change of Diet,  
 Because no bitter Relish ere remains.

If here on Earth there be a Type of Heav'n,  
 'Tis in this blessed State this Type is found:  
 The Pleasures that attend a Private Life,  
 Have in their Compound somewhat so Divine,  
 The Soul is never cloy'd with their Enjoyment;  
 Eternity in Miniature is here;  
 Here no Delight is subject to Decay;  
 The Morning Joys are with the Morn renew'd;  
 The Evening Charms the happy Day succeed;  
 In silent Night the Soul is wrapt in Peace,  
 A kind Impression left of Pleasures past,  
 Foretells in pleasing Dreams Delights to come,  
 Contentment flows from a perpetual Spring;  
 The Stream of Life in Silence glides along,  
 And through a thousand pleasant Valleys slides,  
 Till at the length insensibly is lost  
 In the vast Ocean of Eternity.  
 This is the only happy State on Earth,  
 And in this happy State we must be Righteous;  
 There's no Temptation here to lead us wrong;  
 The Path of Virtue's easy to be follow'd;  
 Men are not naturally prone to ill;  
 Sin proceeds not from a desire of Sinning:

The boldest Wretch that Nature e'er produc'd,  
 That ever yet flow'd in the Face of Heav'n,  
 Has had some other Cause to urge him on,  
 Than merely an Ambition to offend;  
 We fix our Eyes on something we admire;  
 What we admire, we're earnest to possess;  
 Unlook'd for Difficulties crowd the Way,  
 And by a kind of Magick find the Means  
 To urge us on by force of Opposition;  
 We think such Guards can ne'er be plac'd in vain;  
 The Prize they keep must needs be worth their Care;  
 This animates us to a warm pursuit.  
 Fir'd with the hopes to have we know not what,  
 Our Frenzy leads us on, we know not where;  
 In vain our Reason strives to hold us in;  
 In vain the Laws of God or Man oppose;  
 In vain the Endless Pains of Hell are urg'd;  
 In vain th' Eternal Joys of Heaven are nam'd;  
 Nor Heav'n nor Hell can stop our mad Career;  
 Still on we rush upon the pointed Sword,  
 Despise the Danger, and contemn the Pain;  
 Careful to make our Wretchedness compleat,  
 Through present Misery, with wondrous Toil,  
 We force our way to Everlasting Ruin.

Men may be vain, and boast their Virtue's Force;  
 But he who will but take the pains to search  
 Into the Course and Practice of Mankind,  
 Will, on a true Enquiry, be convinc'd,  
 That those who least have sinn'd, have least been tempted;  
 If you wou'd shun the one, avoid the other;  
 There is a strict Alliance betwixt them;  
 Which will be wondrous difficult to break;  
 They're both your sworn, your mortal Enemies;  
 Temptation still attacks your present Peace;  
 Sin poins its Battery at your future Rest;  
 If that prevail, this scarce can want Success;  
 And be assur'd the Odds are infinite;  
 That where it gives th' Assault, the Town is won;  
 There's no Security but in Retreat;  
 One flight of Resolution brings you there,  
 Where but a Moment fix'd, and you are wean'd;  
 You'll quickly loath the Breast that late you suck'd;

Your



Your Wild Desires, which thro' the World have Stray'd;  
 Which long have vainly wandred to and fro,  
 And by their Disappointments made you wretched,  
 Will, in a Moment, find their Centre here,  
 And bless you with perpetual Extasy.  
 You wish for nothing here but what you see  
 What e're you see is in your power to have  
 And what you have, you still are sure to taste  
 On these three Pillars all Contentment rests,  
 And 'tis Contentment that supports Religion.  
 He who is satisfied with what he has,  
 Will never Sin by taking what's anothers,  
 He who has all that he can ask of Heav'n  
 Can never have Occasion to Blaspheme;  
 He who has no Contention nor Debate,  
 Has nothing to induce him to Revenge;  
 He who has nothing to disturb his Peace,  
 Is free from all the dire effects of Passion;  
 In all his Actions, and in all his Words,  
 Good Nature, and Humanity appear,  
 Pleas'd with his own Condition,  
 To render all Content that dwell about him,  
 Nor in the midst of all his Happiness,  
 Do's he forget the Author of his Peace,  
 The soft Delights in which his Bliss consists,  
 Are far from Interrupting his Devotions,  
 There's something in their Nature so Divine,  
 They serve the constant Ministers of Heaven;  
 Each happy Moment that his Soul enjoys,  
 Puts him in mind from whence his Blessing comes,  
 His Pleasure's seated chiefly in his Thought,  
 And he who thinks, can ne'er forget his Maker.

The kind design of our Indulgent God,  
 Is Happiness on Earth as well as Heav'n;  
 His Bounty makes the One a Path to other,  
 The Road of Misery may chance to lead  
 The Painful Pilgrim to a happy Port;  
 But there's a World of Danger in the way,  
 When our Misfortunes rob us of our Rest,  
 We turn a thousands ways to seek for Ease,

The forces of your Virtue to your Aid  
 Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the Rack of Discontent and Grief,  
 We care not whence, nor how our Succour comes.  
 Impatient of delay, at once we call  
 On God and Devils; on Heaven and Hell for Aid;  
 Patience alas! the last of Remedies,  
 Stands slighted by, till Heaven and Hell have fail'd us.  
 With Rage within, Hypocrisy without,  
 With secret Blasphemy, and publick Praise,  
 We make a Virtue of Necessity,  
 And seem, like humble Christians, to submit;  
 But o'er and o'er Infernal Aid is woo'd,  
 Before we come to cry, *God's Will be done.*  
 Water and Fire will full as soon Unite,  
 As Misery and Piety join hands;  
 Their Nature's different; they can ne'er agree;  
 One comes from Heav'n, the other's born in Hell.  
 Misfortunes may indeed be Instruments  
 Of bringing Men to know, and act their Duty,  
 But 'tis by laying open to their View  
 The vanity and folly of Ambition,  
 Of which, when once convinc'd, they change their Course,  
 Not for the sake of Piety, but Ease.  
 Yet on what Principle so'er they quit  
 The Enterprize, that rob'd them of their rest;  
 No sooner do they find their Soul at Peace,  
 But Heav'n (which they begin to taste on Earth)  
 Directs their Thoughts to that Superiour Being,  
 From whence all Happiness and Blessings flow.  
 But while our Troubles and Misfortunes last,  
 They in their Compound have so much of Hell,  
 They infect the Soul with their Infernal Venom,  
 And change a Man to a Blapheming Devil.

Great Prince, whose Destiny looks so severe,  
 Whose Fate seems so regardless of your Zeal;  
 That all the World in wild Amazement stand,  
 With dangerous thoughts of Heav'n's dark Decree,  
 Ready to doubt of Providence it self,  
 And call in question God's Eternal Goodness:  
 Wou'd you, Great Sir, be pleas'd to Summon in  
 The Forces of your Virtue to your Aid,  
 They'd place you on a more Delightful Throne,

Than



Than that from whence your Fate has driv'n you;  
 Your Scepter guided none but *Heaven's* Will;  
 Your Virtue 'll make you Ruler of a King;  
 Fortune presents you to a Royal way,  
 You may be now a Monarch o'er your *State*;  
 Forgive me, if (persuaded as I am  
 That Grandeur, Misery, and *Sorrow* are one  
 I even dare to Name your Kingdoms Loss;  
 God's gracious Recompence for all your Toils;  
 Now free from a Provoking *Senate's* Pride,  
 Now undisturb'd of disobedient *Levites*,  
 Far from the horrid Croaks of *Heresy*,  
 Exempt from better *Christians* ill-tim'd Zeal;  
 Safe from the Rage of open Enemies,  
 And shelter'd from the Stab of Bosom Friends;  
 Protected by the Favourite of Heaven,  
 Welcome to the most Mighty Lord on Earth;  
 In Want of nothing, though bereft of all;  
 Encompass'd round with Plenty, though undone;  
 Receiv'd with Honour, though a Wandering Prince;  
 Embrac'd with Friendship, though depriv'd of Power;  
 Freed from the Grating Duties of Command,  
 Where Justice without Cruelty must fall;  
 Where Mournful Orders must be daily sign'd,  
 For private Sacrifices to Publick Uses:  
 When those we love, w<sup>e</sup> are forc'd to lay aside,  
 And those we hate, we dare not but retain;  
 Where despicable Craft must be employ'd,  
 To gain a Wretches Vote, whom we contemn;  
 Where we must smile on what we wish to stab,  
 And wrap up, in a Bloody Winding Sheet,  
 A belov'd Friend, & appease a hated Foe;  
 Where Honour, Honesty, Good Nature, Truth,  
 And every Virtue must be close confin'd,  
 As the most dangerous Enemies of Thrones:  
 Where, in a word, to buy up wretched Grandeur,  
 Each Thought runs counter to our present Peace,  
 Each Action leads to our Eternal Ruin.

( 2 )  
Now freed; I say, from this unhappy State;  
The Rein of Virtue loose from your Neck,  
Your Generous Heart, and your noble Soul,  
As God and Nature prompt, to set free;  
Temperance, and all the like, I leave you;  
You'll find your Creator's Glory, and  
Join hand in hand in all your Inclinations  
Rescu'd from Grandeur, and its wretched Train;  
Through present Happiness exempt from Crime,  
You'll gently glide to everlasting Rest.

Free from the horrid Crooks of Power,  
Exempt from better Christian ill-temper'd Zeal;  
Safe from the Rage of open Enemies,  
And shelter'd from the Stab of Bolson Friends;  
Protected by the Favour of Heaven,  
Welcome to the most Mighty Lord on Earth;  
In Want of nothing, though Lord of all;  
Untroubled round with Fears, though undress'd;  
Unconcern'd with the Rage of Power;  
Free from the Galling Foe of Command;  
Where Justice without Cruelty must live;  
Where Moulded Orders must be daily light;  
For private Sacrifices to Publick Uses:

When those we love, we are forc'd to lay aside,  
And those we hate, we dare not but retain;  
Where despicable Caste must be employ'd,  
To gain a Wretched Vote, whom we condemn;  
Where we must smile on those we will despise;  
And wrap up, in a bloody Winding sheet,  
A belov'd Friend, to appease a hated Foe;

Where Honour, Honour, Good Name, Truth,  
And every Virtue must be close confin'd;  
The most dangerous Enemies of Thine:

And in a word, to meet the wretched Grandeur,  
And I leave you to our common Fate,  
Each Action leads to our Eternal Ruin.